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ERDDIGAN Y CANORION*.

1.

Os yma i Lundain ar ddamwain ni ddaw,
 Cog, eos, na hedydd, o ddolydd rhag braw;
 Ond lleisiau, nid llesol, rhy fradol i frôn,
 A lanwant ol-yn-ol bob heol o hân;
 Hardd gweled CANORION, rhai mwynion a mad,
 Yn un ar ganiadau iawn lais eu hen wlad:
 Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
 O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

2.

Gofaled ariannog am log iddo ei,
 A gwyr y rhagoriaeth am driniaeth y dref;
 Gwyr llysoedd hwy lleisiant gan ddadwrdd môr dyn,
 A rhai am ddiwygiad eu siarad yw syn:
 Ond ni y CANORION, hyfrydlon o fryd,
 Canlynwn, tân ganu, i flasu hœn byd:
 Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
 O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

3.

Dowch, feirddion, CANORION, rai dyfnion eu dysg,
 Os uwch chwi yma, ceir mwyntra 'n ein mysg:
 Bydd ini ddwy einioes am un einioes glaf,
 O ganu fal hedydd ar hirddydd yr haf.
 Iawn cofio tra chyfion arferion à fu,
 Ac fal ein hen dadau, cawn ninnau môr gu,
 Boddineb o wydryn, o delyn, o gan,
 O galon gyfeillgar, môr glymgar a glan.

YR HEDYDD†.

Yr hedydd ar fore cyfoda o'i nyth,
 A'i dwyfron yn wlithog, i'r wybr hed yn syth;
 A chyda'r arddwr llawen chwibana dros y ddol,
 At yr hwyr y dychwela l'w nyth yn ei hol.

* This song, which is the production of the Rev. E. Hughes of Bodfary, was sung at the last meeting of the CANORION at the Freemasons' Tavern, and has been set to music by Mr. Parry. An English translation will be given next month.—ED.

† These lines, which were written by the late Evan Lloyd, Esq., of Maes y Porth, in the island of Anglesey, are a translation of the two English stanzas on a Lark, which will be found in a subsequent page.—ED.

Dysga fod yn esmwyth, dedwyddyd cai fal hon ;
 Boddlondeb sy deyrnas, pan wreiddia tân y frôn ;
 Rho derfyn i'th awydd, a'th nwydau sydd heb ri',
 Boddlonach fyddi eforý na heddyw, coelia fi.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXI

To fall sick of love or not,
 Tell me, friend, which should I choose,
 Doubting, who the prize has got,
 She who gains, or I who lose.

LXXII

Cruel longing does so tease me,
 'Tween my breasts I feel it seize me,
 There with weight so heavy pressing,
 Like a child its nurse caressing.

LXXIII

Where can be the use, I pray,
 From happiness to sever ?
 While I am both young and gay,
 My heart I'll conquer ever,
 Conquer still, though crosses fall ;
 Yet some are e'er complaining :
 Wealth we need not, great or small,
 Where'er content is reigning.

LXXIV

Yon sweet harp, how it resembles
 Some fair maid, whose soft form trembles
 To your touch, and soon you find her
 Grow beneath it kinder, kinder.

LXXV

The bird, so free from care,
 Nor sows nor reaps a grain,
 But, quite thoughtless through the year,
 He chaunts his merry strain.